

STORIES OF THE **ARMY** AND **NAVY**

MILITARY

**FEB.
NO 7**

COMICS

10¢

**2
SECTIONS
IN ONE**

ARMY

NAVY

THE BLUE TRACER
VS. THE ICEBERG OF
DEATH...



THE SNIPER TRACKS
DOWN ANOTHER
HUMAN MONSTER...



THE YANKEE EAGLE
THWARTS A NEW
SABOTAGE PLOT...



LOOPS AND BANKS
ON A CANNIBAL
ISLAND...



ALSO SECRET WAR NEWS
in **THE PHANTOM**
ARMY OF VENGEANCE
AND MANY OTHERS

AND A
NEW
SMASH BLACKHAWK STORY... FEATURING **The**
RETURN OF GENGHIS KHAN

BURNING AND KILLING,
THE MONGOL HORDE
TERRORIZES THE WORLD



...AT THEIR HEAD...
A MAD-
MAN!!



EVEN **HITLER** IS
TREMBLING BEFORE
THEIR SAVAGE FURY!



...AND ALONE
AGAINST DEATH
STANDS...



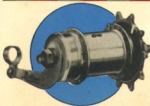
BLACKHAWK!!

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STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND*Section 1.*

700 YEARS AGO, A MAN
ALMOST CONQUERED THE
WORLD! WITH HIS MONGOL
LEGIONS HE SWEEP FROM THE
CHINA SEAS WESTWARD TO
THE VERY DOORS OF VIENNA!
THEN, IN 1227 HE DIED....
LEAVING BEHIND HIM A SWORD
AND A PROMISE...A PROMISE
TO RETURN ONCE MORE...AND
WITH HIS GREAT SWORD, RIDE
AGAIN OVER THE CIVILIZED WORLD!!
SOMEWHERE IN ASIA TODAY IS THE
GREAT SWORD AND A HIDDEN TOMB!
...AND THENCE GO THE *Blackhaws*!
TO PREVENT THE
RETURN OF
GENGHIS KHAN!

ARMY

HIGH ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD IN INNER MONGOLIA WHERE THE FROSTY TOPS OF THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS REACH OUT AND SCRAPE THE SKY, A SOLITARY NOMAD HAPPENS UPON A HIDDEN CRAG. HE HALTS IN AWE...



WHO CHALLENGES THE SANCTITY OF THE TOMBS OF GENGHIS KHAN?

TELL ME, ANCIENT ONE--IS THIS REALLY THE TOMB OF GENGHIS KHAN?

YES--AND I AM ITS GUARDIAN! YES, HERE I SIT AND WAIT FOR HIM TO LIVE AGAIN!



HERE I HAVE SAT FOR CENTURIES AND STOPPED EACH PASSING STRANGER, AND ASKED HIM TO TRY TO REMOVE THE SWORD FROM THE ROCK, AND CLEAVE THE TOMBSTONE! IF HE SUCCEEDS, I WILL KNOW HE IS GENGHIS KHAN.

KHAN RETURNED!

MAY I TRY?



YES--BUT IF YOU FAIL, I MUST KILL YOU--TO KEEP THE SECRET--SIGHT MANY HAVE TRIED!

BOOOH AW!



BEHOLD! IT IS DONE! NOW THE ROCK! CLEAVE THE ROCK!



AYEEE--IT IS SO!! YOU ARE THE KHAN REBORN!



THE GREAT SWORD SINGS AGAIN! ONCE MORE THE CIVILIZED WORLD WILL CRUMBLE BEFORE THE GOLDEN HORDE! GENGHIS KHAN RIDES AGAIN!--... THESE YEARS I HAVE WAITED--BUT NOT IN VAIN!

YOU LIVED SEVEN CENTURIES! A MIRACLE!



RULE THE WORLD KHAN AZGEN! THE GREAT SWORD OF THE LEGEND!

I AM THE KHAN.



--AND AS THE NEW KHAN DESCENDS UPON AN UNSUSPECTING WORLD--A STRANGE THING OCCURS--THE OLD SENTINEL CRUMBLES TO DUST!



DAYS LATER, IN A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE....

TO HORSE, WARRIORS! I AM GENGHIS KHAN! RISE! FOLLOW THE GREAT SWORD TO CONQUEST AND GLORY!



HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH! IT IS THE GREAT SWORD OF THE LEGEND! LET US FOLLOW! AYE! TOO LONG HAVE WE LIVED IN POVERTY AND SQUALOR! ONCE AGAIN THE TARTAR HORDES WILL SWEEP THE EARTH!



FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE THE CRY GOES OUT... "GENGHIS KHAN HAS RETURNED! FOLLOW THE GREAT SWORD TO THE SEA...."



IN A REMOTE MOUNTAIN HAMLET, HOWEVER, A LOCAL CHIEFTAIN DOUBTS THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE "NEW KHAN"....

"GENGHIS KHAN"---BAH! I WILL SHOW YOU WHO IS LEADER HERE... SO!



BEHOLD! HE IS IMMORTAL! THE BLADE SHATTERED ON HIS BODY! HE IS INDEED GENGHIS KHAN!



RAGING ONWARD LIKE A MOUNTAIN TORRENT, THE FOLLOWERS OF THE SWORD SWEEP ONTO THE PLAINS!



WARRIORS! CAST OFF THE YOKES!...ONWARD TO THE SEA!

AND SOON THE WORLD TREMBLES AT THE FEARFUL NEWS...GENGHIS KHAN IS RISEN! LIKE A WAVE OF FLAME, EVER GROWING STRONGER, THE GOLDEN HORDE AGAIN BURNS BRIGHTLY, SWIFTLY, THROUGH ASIA!



WEEKS LATER, A TINY BAND OF WEARY MONKS TOILS UP A STEEP MOUNTAIN TRAIL---



SUDDENLY---

LOOK! SMOKE! FROM THE MISSION!

COME ON! THAT MAY MEAN TROUBLE!



RACING TO THE GATES OF THE MISSION, THEY FIND---

BURNED TO THE GROUND!

PADRE! PADRE! WHERE ARE YOU?



HERE-- PADRE! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOU? HERE, LET US HELP YOU!



NO, MY SON! I MUST SPEAK-- BEFORE I DIE! THE--MAN... POSING--AS GENGHIS KHAN... HE MUST BE STOPPED!



I SENT FOR YOU, FOR YOU ARE THE ONLY MEN ALIVE WHO CAN STOP THIS-- MAD-MAN! HEAVEN GIVE--YOU-- STRENGTH--

DEAD! IMAGINE AN OLD MAN LIKE THIS BARRING THE GATE WITH HIS OWN ARM TO SAVE THOSE CHILDREN!



FOR A MOMENT, THE SADDENED MONKS STARE AT EACH OTHER--- THEN--



THIS SLAUGHTER MUST END!

RIGHT! AND WE'RE THE ONES WHO ARE GOING TO END IT!

IN A FLASH, THEY REVEAL THEMSELVES AS THE *Blackhawks*!



THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE! TO THE HORSES!

YA! VE FIX DEM FOR KILLING DE PADRE!

THE TRAIL SHOULD BE EASY TO FOLLOW! LET'S GO BLACKHAWKS!



MEANWHILE, FEAR REACHES THE GREAT CAPITALS OF THE WORLD... LONDON --

THE MONGOL HORDES IS THE GREATEST MENACE THE WORLD HAS SEEN! WE MUST STOP ALL PRESENT HOSTILITIES AND Wipe OUT THIS GENGHIS KHAN!.



WASHINGTON --

--AND I AM IN AGREEMENT WITH THE PLAN TO CALL A TRUCE UNTIL THE MONGOL UPRISING HAS BEEN PUT DOWN!



BERLIN ----

OF COURSE I SIGN DER PEACE TREATY! DER FOOLS! DEY PLAY RIGHT INTO MY HANDS! VEN DEY TURN TO ASIA, I CONQUER DE WORLD!



VON TROPE! GO TO DIS KHAN! MAKE A DEAL VIT HIM--LATER, HE VILL BE EASY TO DISPOSE OF -- OFFER HIM ANYTHING TO KEEP UP HIS FIGHTING!

IT VILL BE DONE! NEIL HITLER!



DAYS LATER, THE *Black Hawks* STILL FOLLOW THE BLOODY PATH OF THE MONGOL HORDE --

AN EASY TRAIL TO FOLLOW, AS YOU SAID! DEATH, FIRE, DESTRUCTION! THERE'S A VILLAGE UP AHEAD! MAYBE WE CAN GET INFORMATION THERE!



CHOP CHOP AND I WILL GO IN AHEAD! I'LL SEND WORD IF I NEED YOU!

HURRY BACK, OR WE WILL COME AFTER YOU!



A SHORT TIME LATER IN THE TOWN --

BY THE PROPHECIES OF OUR ANCESTORS--THE DAY HAS COME! GENGHIS KHAN LIVES, AND THE GREAT SWORD SINGS AGAIN!



--AND IT IS SAID, THEY WILL SWEEP TO THE SEA, AND THE LOCUST SWARM THEY WILL ONCE MORE RULE THE WORLD! SO IT IS WRITTEN--AS THE LOCUST SWARM THEY FLOW, LEVELING ALL BEFORE THEM!



THEY COME! THEY COME! A THOUSAND DEATHS ARE UPON US!

COME ON, CHOP CHOP! WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE OTHERS!



AND AGAIN LIKE AN IRRESISTIBLE FLOOD, THE NUMBERLESS HORDES OF GENGHIS KHAN ROLL OVER HELPLESS VICTIMS---

Blackhawk AND CHOP-CHOP ARE CAUGHT IN THE MAD RUSH---



LOOK OUT, CHOP-CHOP! BEHIND YOU!

別回頭!! NO LOOK! RUN!



MEANWHILE---



AND SO, THE MONGOL LEADER
COMES UPON THIS SCENE ...

HO! LITTLE MAN IS BRAVE!
GREAT FIGHTER TO KILL SO
MANY MEN!



COME, LITTLE
FIGHTER! I
MAKE YOU
GENERAL!

ME **BLACKHAWK!**
ME NOT JOIN
尔来!!
MUROLERERS!



COME! WILL
YOU BE CORPSE
OR GENERAL?

IF I HAVE
CHOICE ...
HAM--VELLY
WELL--I BE
GENERAL!



MEANWHILE, ON THE PLAIN
OUTSIDE OF TOWN ...

THE NAZI ENVOY, VON TROPE,
APPEARS ...

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

GREAT CROSS-MARKED
BIRD ALIGHTS! TELL THE
GREAT KHAN!

I COME FROM DER GREAT
WHITE CONQUEROR UPF
DER WEST (TAKE ME TO
YOUR LEADER!

..UND VE WILL
GIVE YOU
GUNS, PLANES,
EVERYTING!

AND FROM
ME--WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?



NOTHING! BUT
SOON, HALF DER
WORLD VILL BOW
TO YOU --AND
HALF TO OUR
FUEHRER!

HALF?
FOOL! I,
GENGHIS
KHAN,
WILL RULE
THE WHOLE
WORLD!

YOU ARE STUPID!
VE CAN CRUSH
YOU LIKE --
UFF!

SILENCE!
TAKE HIM
TO THE
TORTURES!

GATER--

BLACKHAWK!
VAT VILL DEY
DO TO US?

THE THINGS
THEY DO TO
YOU WOULD
MAKE YOUR
GESTAPO
BLUSH
WITH
SHAME!



WHILE, HIGH ON THE HILL,
THE *Blackhawks* HAVE
SEEN THE CAPTURE ---

WE MUST HELP
BLACKHAWK!
BUT WHAT CAN
WE DO?

THE NAZI
PLANE!
THAT'S WHAT
WE NEED!
COME ON!



BATTLING DESPERATELY,
THEY REACH THE PLANE ---

LOOK OUT, BOYS!
COMING
THROUGH!

HA! LITTLE
MEN ARE
TOO EASY
FOR OLAF!



--AND ROAR INTO THE AIR!



AIEEEE! GREAT
BIRD SPITS
FIRE UPON
US!

RUN! IT IS
FLYING
DEATH!



KEEP HER
STEADY,
OLAF!

OLAF HAS TROUBLE!
CONTROLS ARE
BAD -- OOPS!



THE NAZI
MUTINY! WHO DARE
CLASH PARTY OF GEN'L
CHOP CHOP!



ME HAV'I KILLED!
REWOLT! INSUBOR-
DINATION! ME--
UH-- WHAT
OCCURS?

AIEEE
MY
EYES
MY
EYES!



BLACKHAWK!



AND NOW WE
HEAR THIS
ONE SCREAM
FOR MERCY!

YOU WON'T
GET A SOUND
FROM ME,
YOU BUTCHERS!

SCREAM,
WHITE
MAN,
SCR--

STLOP! CHOP-
CHOP COMMAND
IT! CEASE!
QUIT! STLOP!

SO LITTLE GENERAL! I KILL,
REVOLTS! KILL HIM! I KI--

AAAGHH!



THAT PLANE!
IT MUST BE
THE OTHERS!

MIST
BLACKHAWK!
QUICK! ME
CUT ROPES!
YOU RUN!

ATTABOY,
CHOP CHOP!
JUST IN
TIME!

HULLY UP!
MOB COMES
BEHIND!
WHEN PLANE
LANDS WE
JUMP
ABOARD!



TAKE IT AWAY, OLAF!
WE'RE WITH YOU!



LATER HIGH IN THE AIR ---

MEANWHILE ---

ONE BURST OF
MACHINE GUN
FIRE WOULD
FINISH THIS
GENGHIS KHAN!

NO! IT WOULD
ONLY MAKE
HIM A MARTYR!
HE MUST BE
EXPOSED!

THE TIME HAS COME!
TO HORSE! TO HORSE!
WE RIDE!



ONWARD! FOLLOW THE
SWORD TO THE
SEA!



WITH THE ROAR OF A MILLION HOOPS, THE HUGE ARMY SWEEPS DOWN FROM THE NORTH!



THE VERY GROUND TREMBLES BENEATH THE ROLLING THUNDER OF THE MAD MULTITUDE!



IN BLIND BLOOD-LUST THEY FOLLOW THEIR LEADER--GENGHIS KHAN!

LOOK THERE, O' GREAT ONE!
DO MY EYES TRICK ME?
IT CANNOT BE!



THE JEWELLED BLADE FLASHES HIGH--THE GREAT ARMY RUMBLES TO A HALT!

HALT! I CANNOT BELIEVE MY EYES!



Blackhawk SPEAKS, BREAKING THE UNNATURAL SILENCE!

WARRIORS OF MONGOLIA, I HAVE COME TO EXPOSE THIS MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF GENGHIS KHAN! I CHALLENGE HIM TO BATTLE!



THE LEADER ROARS IN RAGE!

NO! FOOL! I WILL TAKE YOUR HEAD AS AN APOLOGY!
SO!



AH! LET'S GET DOWN TO EARTH!

DOG! FOR THIS I WILL--

GOOF!



ON FOOT, THE HUGE MONGOL RUSHES AT Blackhawk!

NOW! MEET YOUR DEATH! **YOU MEET THIS ONE!**



WELL, I'LL BE-- ARMOR!



THERE! THAT MAKES IT EVEN!



MAD WITH RAGE, THE LEADER RUSHES AGAIN!

ARRGH! I WILL COME AND CRUSH YOU WITH MY HANDS! **GET IT! IT'S ALL WOUND UP!**



OOOOF!



A MOMENT LATER...

AND SO YOU SEE, HIS ABILITY TO WITHSTAND THE BLOW OF A SWORD WAS ONLY A FAKE! HE TRICKED YOU! **WE HAVE BEEN FOOLS, BUT NOW THAT WE KNOW--**



Blackhawk RIDES AWAY... LEAVING THE FIEND TO THE JUSTICE HE DESERVES... AT THE HANDS OF THE PEOPLE HE SO GREATLY WRONGED!



AND SO, AS THE MONGOLS RETURN TO THEIR NORMAL PURSUITS, THE Blackhawk SCORES ANOTHER VICTORY IN THEIR UNCEASING STRUGGLE FOR PEACE AND LIBERTY!



THE BLUE TRACER

AND THE
ICEBERG
OF
DEATH

LOOKS LIKE
THEY'RE ALL
DEAD DOWN
THERE!

IN
COOPERATION
WITH THE UNITED
STATES FLEET
PATROLLING THE
NORTH ATLANTIC
BILL DUNN AND
BOOMERANG JONES FLY
THEIR BLUE TRACER IN
SEARCH OF THE MYSTERY
SHIP THAT HAS BEEN SINKING
ALLIED SHIPPING, WITHOUT
A TRACE OR A SURVIVOR!
BELOW THEM THEY SUDDENLY
DISCOVER A LIFEBOAT, LOLLING
IN THE OCEAN SWELL o o o

BY FRED
GUARDINEER

WE'LL RADIO FOR A PATROL
BOAT TO PICK IT UP—I DON'T
UNDERSTAND IT. NO ENEMY
SUBMARINES OR RAIDERS
HAVE BEEN REPORTED
FOR WEEKS!

ONLY THING FLOATING AROUND THIS
TIME OF YEAR IS AN OCCASIONAL
ICEBERG AND THEY'RE EASY
ENOUGH TO
AVOID!

ALL WE CAN DO NOW
IS RETURN TO ICELAND
AND REPORT TO THE
COMMANDER!

BACK AT THE MAINLAND, IT IS SOON VERIFIED THAT THE LIFEBOAT AND ITS GRUESOME CARGO ARE ALL THAT REMAINS OF ANOTHER OF THE MYSTERY SHIP'S VICTIMS.

ONLY BEEN DEAD A COUPLE HOURS WHEN YOU FOUND THEM!



MACHINE-GUNNED SO THEY COULDN'T GIVE AWAY THE SECRET OF WHAT SUNK THEIR SHIP!



IN THE MEANTIME ANOTHER MERCHANT VESSEL SPEEDS TOWARDS ENGLAND.



NOT A PERISCOPE IN SIGHT - NOTHING TO FEAR EXCEPT THE ICEBERGS!

THAT'S FINE, MATE!



BUT AS THEY PASS CLOSE TO SOME ICEBERGS, A SINISTER WHITE WAKE CUTS THE WATER TOWARD THE TANKER!

TORPEDO!



AND A HUGE EXPLOSION FOLLOWS!



IMMEDIATELY THE BROKEN SHIP STARTS TO SINK...

ABANDON SHIP - MAN THE LIFEBOAT!



BUT NOT BEFORE THE BRAVE WIRELESS OPERATOR SENDS AN S.O.S. WITH THE SHIP'S POSITION.

..TORPEDOED..
LONGITUDE 63°
LATITUDE 27°!



IN A FEW MINUTES ALL THAT REMAINS IS A SINGLE LIFEBOAT DRIFTING NEAR AN ICEBERG!

WATCH OUT FOR THAT BIG BERG - IT'S COMING CLOSE!



SUDDENLY THE FACES OF THE LIFE-BOAT CREW TURN TO FROZEN HORROR!



A BURST OF LEAD FROM A MACHINE GUN MOWS THEM DOWN...



A MINUTE LATER THE BLUE TRACER - IN ANSWER TO THE S.O.S. - ZOOMS OVER THE DISTANT HORIZON!



THE GREAT BLUE MACHINE LANDS ON THE WATER BY THE LIFE BOAT!



THE DYING MAN BREATHES ONE WORD AND THEN COLLAPSES!



I DON'T GET IT! HOW COULD AN ICEBERG -



WHAT TH - THAT ICEBERG IS FLOATING THIS WAY PRETTY FAST!



YEAH / AND IT'S FLOATING AGAINST THE WIND AND WAVES - DUCK BACK INSIDE!



EVEN AS BILL SPEAKS, MACHINE GUNS APPEAR IN THE SIDES OF THE STRANGE ICEBERG!



A STRANGE BATTLE ENSUES, AS THE BLUE TRACER, TAKEN BY SURPRISE, MANEUVERS TO KEEP OUT OF THE WAY OF THE CHARGING, SHOOTING ICEBERG!

WITH ALL THE REAL ICEBERGS AROUND THEY COULD FLOAT BY UNNOTICED AND KNOCK OFF ANY SHIP THAT CAME CLOSE!

FINALLY IN POSITION TO SHOOT, BILL FIRES POINT BLANK AT HIS OPPONENT.



AND SPEEDING OVER THE WAVES...

THAT THING IS DEFINITELY SOME KIND OF BOAT-WE'LL HAVE TO FIND WHAT MAKES IT TICK!

THE BLUE TRACER TAKES OFF AS BOOMERANG SPRAYS THE "ICEBERG" WITH INCENDIARY BULLETS!

HEY-BILL! DIDJA EVER SEE AN ICEBERG ON FIRE? WELL I DO!



TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE TWO FIGHTING MEN, A COLUMN OF SMOKE RISES FROM THE ICEBERG!

I'LL RADIO TO HEADQUARTERS THAT THE NORTH ATLANTIC MYSTERYSHIP IS FOUND-NOW WE'LL GO DOWN AND FIGHT IT OUT WITH THEM!

OKAY-PREPARE TO DIVE RAM!



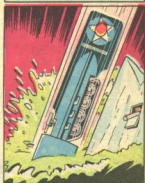
FOLDING ITS TELESCOPIC WINGS, THE BLUE TRACER DIVES LIKE A BOMB, TOWARD ITS TARGET!



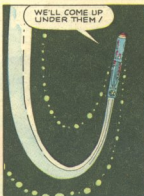
BUT WITH SPEED UNKNOWN TO COMMON ICEBERGS, THIS STRANGE FLOATING ODDBY, VEERS QUICKLY TO ONE SIDE!



THE BLUE TRACER MISSES ITS MARK.



AND PLUNGES INTO THE SEA!



THE ICEBERG ROCKS WITH THE CONCUSSION AS THE BLUE TRACER MANAGES TO WHACK IT A GLANCING BLOW!



AS BILL PREPARES TO RAM THEM ON THE SURFACE A WHITE FLAG GOES UP OVER THE DAMAGED MYSTERY SHIP!



THE WHITE WALLS OF THE FAKE ICEBERG ARE COLLAPSED, AND THE MYSTERY SHIP REVEALS ITSELF TO BE A CLEVERLY CAMOUFLAGED WOODEN RAFT, BUILT AROUND A SUBMARINE!

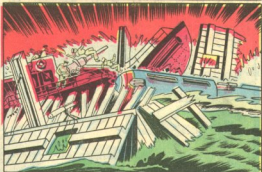


BUT EVEN AS THE DECK GUN OF THE SUBMARINE BOOMS, THE BLUE TRACER CHARGES!

WE WON'T MISS THIS TIME!

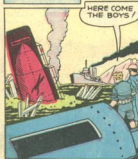


DISREGARDING THE BLASTING CANNON, BILL DRIVES HIS MACHINE INTO THE U-BOAT AND CRACKS IT ASUNDER!



QUICKLY FILLING WITH WATER, THE SUBMARINE REARS UP FOR ITS FINAL PLUNGE TO DAVEY JONES LOCKER.

HERE COME THE BOYS!



A FEW SURVIVORS ARE RESCUED BY PATROL BOATS WHICH ARRIVE ON THE SCENE.

THAT BLUE TRACER DOES A GOOD JOB - WOW!



AND LATER - BACK AT HEAD-QUARTERS, BILL AND BOOMERANG ARE CHEERED LUSTILY FOR THEIR DARING EXPLOITS!

HURRAY FOR THREE TH' BLUE TRACER! CHEERS FOR BILL AND BOOMERANG



A PREVIEW OF THE NEXT ISSUE IN WHICH THE BLUE TRACER SMASHES THE NAZI LINES ON THE FROZEN STEPPES OF RUSSIA - DON'T MISS THIS SUPER INSTALLMENT!

THE BLUE TRACER

IN DRUMS OF DOOM



LOOPS and BANKS

By BUD ERNEST.



HEADS UP, LOOPS...HERE COMES OLD SOURPUSS.. HEY! TAKE A GANDER AT THE JANE!!

HUH!!...I WONDER HOW STINKY RATES?!



ALL SET, GENTLEMEN? GOOD... LET'S BE OFF...OH, YES, WE'RE TAKING THIS...SR...YOUNG LADY TO MANILA WITH US! WELL? LET'S SHOVE OFF!

AYE, AYE SIR!

AYE, AYE SIR!



HEY LOOPS! WHAT'S A IDEA OF THE MOLL? IT AIN'T KOSHER!!

SO WHAT?... ORDERS IS ORDERS! WE AIN'T GOT NUTTIN' TO SAY...COME ON!



TAKING OFF, LOOPS READS THE PLANE SOUTHWEST...AND TWELVE HOURS LATER IS FAR OUT OVER THE PACIFIC....



JEEPS!! THE STARBOARD MOTOR'S COOKED! OF ALL THE...

UH, UH! CAREFUL! THERE'S A GAIL ABOARD SHIP!

AW... FUDGE!!



WE JUST FLEW OVER AN ISLAND, LIEUTENANT! TELL CAPTAIN MCCANN TO LAND THERE FOR REPAIRS!

AYE! AYE! SIR!



UNHAMPERED BY THE LOSS OF ONE ENGINE, LOOPS EXPERTLY BRINGS THE SHIP DOWN TO A LANDING....



"LOADING INTO SHORE, BANKS DROPS HIS GRENADE UPON THE ROCK-STRAWN BEACH--



O.K. LET HER DIE!

TWO HOURS LATER--

THE MOTOR'S FIXED, GENERAL--WE CAN GET GOIN' IF YOU WANT!



ER--AH--THERE'S BEEN A SUGGESTION THAT WE EXPLORE SOME OF THE ISLAND'S THINK IT'S AN EXCELLENT IDEA!! WE CAN MEET BACK HERE IN AN HOUR! SHOVE OFF!!



THAT OLD GEEZER/HIS ALWAYS WAS A SOFT TOUCH FOR A RED HEAD! I'D LIKE TO WRING THAT DAME'S NECK!

AW-- QUIT BEEPIN'!



HEY LOOPS!! PIPE THE TEMPLE, COME ON!! MAYBE WE'LL FIND SOME JOOLS!!



YEAH!--OR MAYBE SOME GOLD--GIMME A DRAG O' THAT BEFORE YOU TOSS IT AWAY!



MEANWHILE, THE GENERAL AND THE GIRL CIRCLE THE OTHER END OF THE ISLAND--



AH!! GENERAL!! OUT FOR A LITTLE WALK PERHAPS PLEASE!



EXCUSE PLEASE, SO MUCH, BUT I MUST ASK YOU AND LADY TO COME WITH ME-- YOU WILL FOLLOW, PLEASE?

I GUESS WE HAVEN'T MUCH CHOICE--COME, JANET!



IN THE OTHER SIDE, LOOPS AND BANKS CAUTIOUSLY ENTER THE TEMPLE----



WOW! IS IT DARK!!

BROTHER-- YOU AIN'T KIDDIN'!!

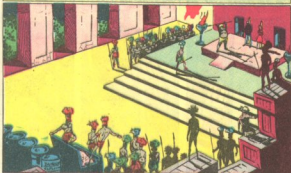




SCREWBALL!! COME ON! WE GOT WORK TO DO!!



MEANWHILE, IN THE TEMPLE, THE CHIEF AND HIS CANNIBALS GO THROUGH THEIR SAVAGE RITUAL, AND PREPARE TO KILL THE GENERAL AND THE GIRL



AS THE CHIEF STEPS OW-
NUSLY FORWARD, LOOPS
GETS FIRE TO A SPEAR
AND HEAVES IT AWAY



THIS AIM IS TRUE, AND THE
BURNING SHARP LANDS IN A
BIN OF GUNPOWDER, WHICH
BURSTS INTO A HUGE WALL
OF FLAME



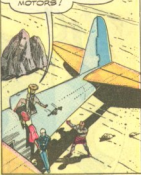
RUNNING OUT OF THE TEMPLE
THE QUINTET DASHES
DOWN THE BEACH, THE
NATIVES IN PURSUIT...



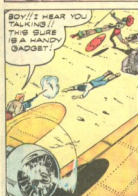
BEFORE THE PARTY CAN REACH
THE PLANE, AN ARROW FINDS
ITS MARK...



HERE, PATTY...GIVE 'EM A
DOSE OF LEAD POISONING
WHILE I WARM UP THE
MOTORS!



BOY!! I HEAR YOU
TALKING!!
THIS SURE
IS A HANDY
GADGET!



BANKS FINALLY GETS THE
SHIPS ENGINES HEATED, AND
SWINGING AROUND, CHASES
THE NATIVES INTO THE
JUNGLE...



LOOPS QUICKLY CLIMBERS
IN, AND AS THEY TAKE OFF,
THE TEMPLE BURSTS
INTO BITS...



THAT'S THAT!! Y'KNOW I
SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET
A DATE OUTA JANET
FOR THIS...WATCH ME!!
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW
IT'S DONE!!



HA H A H A! WHAT'S A
MATTER... DID SHE
SAY NO?!

YEAH...
AN SO DID THE
GENERAL/WHYNT
YOU TELL ME SHE
WAS HIS WIFE,
YOU BIG
LUG!!



The SNIPER

MEN CALL ME THE SNIPER...
A HUNTER OF MEN...AND IT IS
TRUE!... BUT THOSE SIMILAR IN
I HUNT ARE THE BEASTS
ACTION OF THE JUNGLE...COLD,
RUTHLESS SLAYERS!...
...MEN WHO HAVE
COMMITTED ACTS
OF SUCH BRUTAL
VIOLENCE... BUT LOOK
BELOW AND SEE WHAT
I MEAN!...

by
TED

...WE FIRST CAME IN
TO PROMINENCE IN
SUDETANLAND!

BUT FRANZ, WE ARE
YOUR SCHOOLMATES!
WOULD YOU KILL US
WITH YOUR
OWN
HAND?

I KNOW NO FRIENDS,
I KNOW ONLY LOYALTY
TO DER FUEHRER!
...HERE ISS MINE
ANSWER
!!!

THIS SHOULD GIVE
YOU AN IDEA OF THE
COLD VICIOUSNESS OF ONE.
HERR BROCK!... BRUTAL
INHUMAN ACTS... SUCH AS
THE ABOVE... WERE WHAT SET
ME TO STALKING ONE OF THE
MOST CUNNING AND RUTHLESS
MURDERERS WHO
EVER DREW BREATH!

HEER BROCK IS MY PROBLEM...
THE SOLUTION LIES IN A SINGLE
BULLET FROM MY RIFLE...
A NASTY ANSWER... A NECESSARY
ONE, BUT THERE IS MORE I MUST
DO... MORE THAN JUST KILL!



UND FOR YOUR SERVICES
DER FUEHRER HASS DER
HONOR UFF SENDING
YOU TO NORWAY!

THANK YOU MEIN
FUEHRER... I VILL SERVE
YOU AS I HAVF IN
DER PAST...
THANK YOU!!

THAT MOMENT... IN THE FAMED WILHELMSTRASSE...

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
A TROOP SHIP SLIPS ITS
MOORINGS FROM THE DOCKS
OF HAMBURG EN ROUTE
TO NORWAY...



NO! HEER BROCK SOON
BECOMES GAULEITER
BROCK!.....
GAULEITER BROCK...
I SALUTE YOU...
VOT'S DOT PAPER.



DER...
DER SNIPER!!

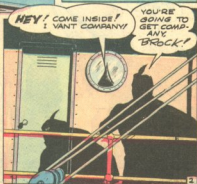


CAN'T.. CAN'T SHLEER!
I.. I SEEM TO FEEL
HIM AROUND... BETTER
FOR MEIN NERVES DOT
I TALK!



HEY! COME INSIDE!
I VANT COMPANY!

YOU'RE
GOING TO
GET COMP-
ANY
BROCK!



THE DOOR TO BROCK'S CABIN SWINGS OPEN AND...

ULP! I AGH... I THOUGHT YOU WAS COMPANY!

I AM COMPANY... IN THE FORM OF... THE SNIPER!!!



HAH! TAKE... ULP!

SEVEN YEARS BAD LUCK... BROCK...



THE WHIZZING MIRROR IS SHATTERED AS A BULLET ZINGS INTO IT!

...AND CONTINUING ITS FLIGHT SMASHES INTO THE LIGHT BULB... PLUNGING THE ROOM INTO INKY DARKNESS!

DER LIGHT! HAH! NOW I GET OUT!

TREMBLING FEET POUND UPSTAIRS AND ON TO THE DECK



SHE ALWAYS A FIGURE LURKS BEHIND!

DER SNIPER! ...HE IS AFTER ME!

DON'T WORRY! WE ARE TOO MANY FOR EREN HIM TO TRY ANYTHING!



AND NOW... NAZI DOGS... YOU GET THE BEST OF MY BLESSINGS!



J-JA!

S-SHOOT HIM! ..QVICK!



YOU ARE MISSING! K-KEEP ... SHOOTING!!

LOOK! HE SLIDES NEAR THE ENTAIRS!



YOU ARE RIGHT HANG! NO-NO... VE HAFF HIM TRAPPED!



SECONDS LATER.. A SMIRK OF TRIUMPH SPREADS OVER BROCK'S FAT FACE... AS FROM BELOW COMES THE RAT-TAT-TAT OF RAPID FIRING GUNS!

AHHA! DER REIGN OF DER SNIPER COMES TO AN END... ..UND

CRACK BANG

Plunging THROUGH THE HATCH, BROCK SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET!

ACH HIMMEL! HE ISS RELENTLESS... VOT CAN... AHAAA...

I WILL RECEIVE ALL DER CREDIT... ..UN.. UN!

HELLO BROCK!

HIS STERN FACE CAUGHT BY THE SHADOWS... THE HUNTER OF MEN PRESSES ON!

HA-HA - HE THINKS HE WAS ME CORNERED... HE WILL SOON FIND OUT DOT HERR BROCK WAS CHOSEN FOR HIS BRAINS!!

GOOD-BYE, SNIPER!

CRASH

DEAD... DEAD.. HE ISS DEAD! HA-HA-HA.

LAUGH WHILE YOU CAN, BROCK FOR YOUR SANDS ARE RUNNING FAST!

HAA... HA... OHN... BUT I KILLED YOU!

SLOWLY... STEADILY... SNIPER
ADVANCES UPON HIS GAME.

ALMOST KILLED
ME, BROCK! NOW,
PERHAPS I CAN
DO A BETTER
JOB!



A FRENZIED MOTION AND RED-
HOT COALS WHIZ TOWARD
SNIPER!



...AND A FINGER TIGHTENS ON
A SENSITIVE TRIGGER.



AND GUSHERS
OF LIVESTeam
LEAP INTO
BROCK'S FACE.



THAT COLD
WATER'LL CRACK
AND BLOW THE
SHIP HIGHER
THAN A KITE!
!!!



SECONDS LATER.... AG
WARNING RUMBLINGS SOUND
FROM BELOW!



TO DER
LIFEBOATS
!!!

SORRY! BUT
AS AGENTS OF
NAZI GERMANY
YOU HAVE LOST
YOUR LEASE ON
LIFE!

A RIFLE
'CRACKS TWICE!



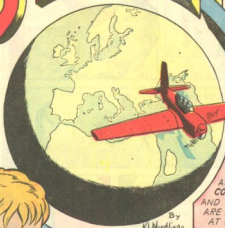
AN ANGRY MURMURS SOUND
FROM THE TORTURED ENGINES
BELOW



YES! THAT'S WHAT HAP-
PENED. I WOULD TELL YOU
MORE... BUT ONCE AGAIN
I HAVE CAUGHT THE SCENT
OF EVIL, AND MUST TAKE
TO THE TRAIL... HUNTING
DOWN A MAN WHO MUST
DIE!



SHOT & SHELL



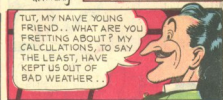
By
K.L. Nardling

WHEN'LL I EVER
LEARN TO IGNORE
YOU... NOW
YA GOT
US OVER
THE
DUTCH
EAST
INDIES.

WE REJOIN OUR
DOUGHTY MISADVENTURERS ON THEIR
PEREGRINATIONS
AROUND THE GLOBE...
COLONEL SAM SHOT
AND YOUNG SLIM SHELL
ARE AS COMPLETELY
AT SEA AS EVER...



TUT, MY NAIVE YOUNG
FRIEND... WHAT ARE YOU
FRETTERING ABOUT? MY
CALCULATIONS, TO SAY
THE LEAST, HAVE
KEPT US OUT OF
BAD WEATHER...



HEAVENS! WHAT ARE YOU
WAITING FOR? DESCEND,
SLIM! MAKE FOR
TERRA FIRMA!!



HALLO, GENTLEMEN...
HONOLABLE MASTER VAN
DER DOPPEL ALL SAME
EXPECT YOU... TOO BAD IT
RAIN EVLY
DAY THIS
TIME.





DOT WILL BE ENOUGH
OF OBJECTIONS!



AND THE TWO AMERICANS ARE FORCED
TO RELINQUISH THEIR CLOTHING ...



THE SUN IS OUT AGAIN,
SLIM... THE WORKERS
ARE RETURNING TO THE
RICE-FIELDS...

WHY YOU ARE NOT OUT IN
FIELDS, PLEASE? GO!



MY GOOD MAN... I FEAR
YOU ARE HARBORING A
DELUSION... TO WHAT ESTATE
DO YOU THINK WE HAVE
SUNK, THAT YOU ---



CEASE IDLE PRATTLE!
WORK!!



WORK!... OR YOU LIKE LEAD TO
PUNCTUATE ORDERS?



BAH! WHY WAS
I SUCH AN UN-
DISCIPLINED
SCHOLAR?...
WHY DIDN'T
I TAKE MY
JIU-JITSU LESSONS SERIOUSLY?

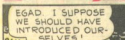
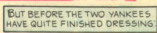


BESIDES I CAN'T BEAR
WET FEET!



WELL, HERE WE GO AGAIN!





NAVY

STORIES OF MILITARY ACTION AT SEA

Section 2.

YANKEE EAGLE

By
JOHN
STEWART



TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE IN OUR RACE TO ARM AGAINST AGGRESSION BY THE AXIS OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION AND SO IT IS THAT OUR GREAT SHIPYARDS WORK FULL SPEED AHEAD, TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY TO TURN OUT ALL-STEEL MONSTERS OF THE DEEP TO PROTECT OUR FLAG.....

AS MEMBER OF A SENATE NAVAL COMMITTEE, SENATOR WALTER NOBLE INSPECTS A SHIPYARD IN COMPANY WITH HIS SON, JERRY...



THREE OF OUR NEW CRUISERS ARE BUILDING HERE, JERRY. MORE THAN 45 MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF FIGHTING MACHINE!

THEY'RE BEAUTIES ALL RIGHT DAD.

THIS WAY SENATOR NOBLE. I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND. WE HAVE ABOUT AN HOUR BEFORE THE NIGHT SHIFT COMES ON.

THANK YOU, ADMIRAL.



IN A GRIMY TENEMENT ROOM ONLY A FEW BLOCKS FROM THE SHIPYARD...



WE MEET INSIDE THE SHIPYARD IN AN HOUR. YOU MUST HAVE IDENTIFICATION CARDS TO GET IN... AND I DON'T CARE HOW YOU GET THEM!

WE WILL BE THERE RUDOLPH!

A FEW MINUTES LATER AT THE HOME OF ONE OF THE WORKMEN FROM THE YARD...



I'D LIKE TO SEE JOE, PLEASE. TELL HIM IT'S ALEC FROM THE SHIPYARD...

COME IN AND WAIT IN THE PARLOR. WILL YOU? JOE'S EATING SUPPER... IN THE KITCHEN

BUT WHEN THE WORKMAN'S WIFE TURNS HER BACK ON THEM...



INTO THE KITCHEN WITH YOU!

AND KEEP QUIET!



GIVE US YOUR PASS TO THE SHIPYARD. OR YOUR WIFE EATS A BULLET, CHUM!

WHY YOU...

JOE! THEY'RE FOREIGN SPIES...

THE WORKMAN'S HEROIC WIFE JERKS SUDDENLY OUT OF THE WAY...



HIT THE FLOOR, MIRIAM! I'LL ... ARGGH!

OKAY, THEN... IT'S BULLETS!

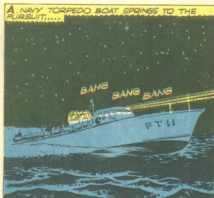




THE SPEEDBOAT TAKES ON ALL BUT THE MAN JERRY NOBLE BROUGHT DOWN....



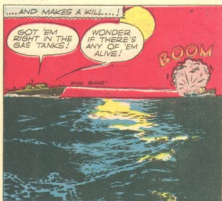
A NAVY TORPEDO BOAT SPRINGS TO THE PURSUIT.....



....AND MAKES A KILL....!

GOT 'EM
RIGHT IN THE
GAS TANKS!

WONDER
IF THERE'S
ANY OF 'EM
ALIVE!



BUT WHEN THEY COME
ALONGSIDE THE STRICKEN
SPEEDBOAT.....

HEY! THERE'S
ONLY ONE MAN
IN THIS BOAT...
AND HE'S
DEAD!



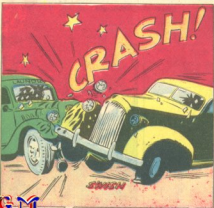
SO JERRY NOBLE HIMSELF
IS IN POSSESSION OF THE
ONLY WAY OF TRACKING
DOWN THE INTERNATIONAL
CRIMINALS RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE COSTLY WRECK-
ING OF THE AMERICAN
CRUISER.....

I'LL TAKE THIS
FELLOW UP TO
THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE
OFFICE, ADMIRAL.

I'LL GIVE
YOU A
GUARD
FOR
HIM,
MISTER
NOBLE...

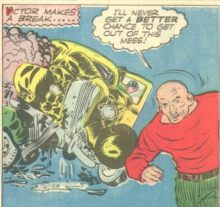


AS THEY
DRIVE
THROUGH
TOWN, A
LAUNDRY
TRUCK,
DRIVEN BY
RUDOLPH
HURTTLES
FROM A
SIDE
STREET...



VICTOR MAKES
A BREAK....

I'LL NEVER
GET A BETTER
CHANCE TO GET
OUT OF THIS
MESS!



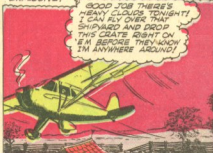


NOT AN HOUR LATER, JERRY CRUISES IN A PLANE HIGH OVER THE GREAT NAVY SHIP-BUILDING YARDS.....



I'LL CLIMB THIS BABY UP TO HER CEILING AND CRUISE AROUND OR THEY'LL SPOT ME AND PULL OUT OF THIS MAD SCHEME!

MEANWHILE, FROM A SECRET AIR FIELD RUDDOHN RUNS AWAY FROM THE GROUND IN A SHIP LOADED TO THE BURSTING POINT WITH HIGH EXPLOSIVE!



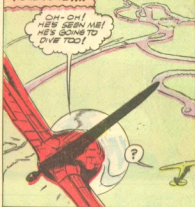
GOOD JOB THERE'S HEAVY CLOUDS TONIGHT! I CAN FLY OVER THAT SHIPYARD AND DROP THIS CRATE RIGHT ON 'EM BEFORE THEY KNOW I'M ANYWHERE AROUND!

SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE LIGHT THROUGH THE CLOUD BANK, JERRY NOBLE SEES THE OUTLINE OF RUDDOHN'S DEATH SHIP!



THERE HE IS!... I'LL GET DOWN THERE QUICK AND HERO HIM INTO THE RIVER!

POWER DIVE!...



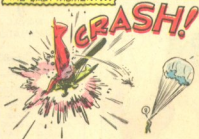
OH-OH! HE'S SEEN ME! HE'S GOING TO DIVE TOO!

ENGINES ROARING, THE TWO PLANES RACE EARTHWARD. JERRY'S ONE CHANCE TO STOP HIM IS A CRASH IN MID-AIR!



THAT FOOL! HE'S GOING TO RAM RIGHT INTO ME!... I'VE GOT TO BAIL OUT!

BUT JERRY NOBLE CAN'T BAIL OUT TILL HE KNOWS THE PLANES WILL CRASH... AT THE LAST MOMENT...



THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION BLOWS JERRY SWACK INTO RUDDOLPH!



JERRY DROPS AWAY FROM RUDDOLPH, OPENING HIS OWN CHUTE. HE LANDS SAFELY IN THE STREET, ONLY SECONDS LATER...



SO HE CHOKES THE SABOTEURS' RINGLEADER UNCONSCIOUS...



JERRY QUICKLY GATHERS A SQUAD OF NAVY MEN AND HEADS FOR THE HIDEOUT OF THE REST OF THE GANG! A SHORT TIME LATER...



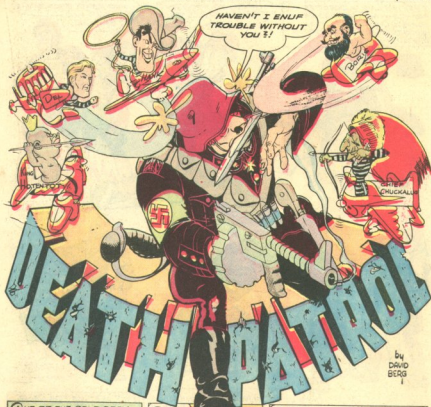
JERRY NOBLE'S SCRAPBOOK

of
NAVAL
INFORMATION



U.S. NAVY BATTLESHIPS ARE NAMED FOR STATES. THEY CARRY CREWS OF FROM ABOUT 1500 TO 1800 OFFICERS AND MEN, ACCORDING TO THE INDIVIDUAL CLASS OF BATTLESHIP. THE NEWEST TYPES HAVE NINE 16-INCH GUNS, 10-INCH DECK ARMOUR, AND 16-INCH HULL ARMOUR. THEY HAVE A CRUISING SPEED OF 27 KNOTS IN CONTRAST TO 20 KNOTS FOR THE OLDER "BATTLENAGONS". DISPLACEMENT TONNAGE VARIES FROM 26,100 FOR THE OLD "WYOMING" AND "ARKANSAS" TO 35,000 FOR THE RECENTLY LAUNCHED "NORTH CAROLINA."

.... WATCH FOR NEXT MONTH'S NAVY FACTS



by
DAVID
BERG

OUT OF THE COLD GREY
MIST OF AN ENGLISH
DAWN, ROCKETS A
PECULIAR CRAFT...

LOOKS LIKE
A DEATH
PATROLLER!

HIT AIN'T
THO--ALTHO
HE FLIES
JUST AS
CRAZILY!

SINK
ME! IT'S
A LITTLE
BOY, AND
E'S URT!

'GOS, TAKE
ME TO THE
DEATH
PATROL! G.V.F.: I
GOTTA SEE
'EM!

DEATH PATROL! 'GOS, Y'GOTTA
LISTEN! PLEASE, PLEASE
COME WITH ME! THE NAZIS
ARE GONNA SHOOT MY
MOTHER AND FATHER!

Y'SEE, WE LIVE IN OCCUPIED FRANCE... AN' WE WERE EATING SUPPER LAST NIGHT... WHEN SUDDENLY STORM TROOPERS BUSTED IN...

LISTEN TO FOREIGN PROGRAMS, WILL YOU!

--AND READ BOOKS THE FUHRER HAS BANNED!



CRASH!

WHO SAID WE CAN'T!



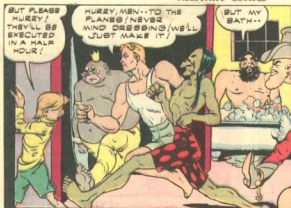
YOU LET GO OF MY DAD!



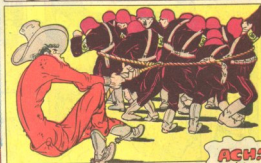
WE'LL EXECUTE THEM TOMORROW MORNING WITH **OTHER** ENEMIES OF THE REICH!

THEY LEFT ME FOR DEAD, SO THIS MORNING I SNEAKED OUT TO MY HOME-MADE PLANE AND FLEW HERE--CAUSE YOU RELAX ARE THE ONLY ONES THAT CAN HELP ME... "GOD!"





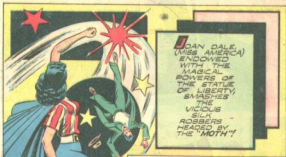
THE DEATH PATROL ZOOMS TO A LANDING IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE, UPSETTING THE FIRING SQUAD!







Miss AMERICA



ALONE, JOAN DALE MOTIONS MAGICALLY....BECOMING MISS AMERICA.... AND THEN IN THE NEXT FLIT SECOND TRANSFORMS HERSELF INTO THE RADIATOR CAP ON TIM HEALY'S CAR.....

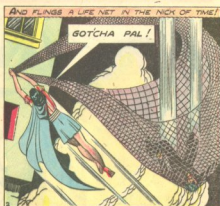
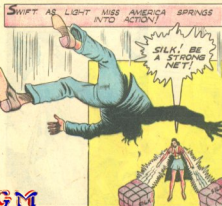
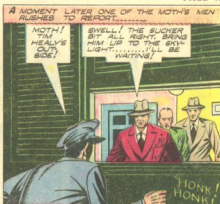
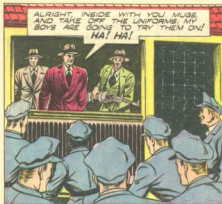


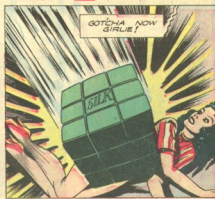
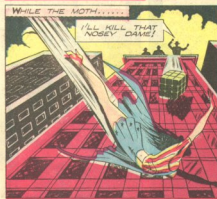
THAT MOMENT THE MO TH, ARCH SILK CRIMINAL, RACES TOWARDS THE WAREHOUSE AS TIM HEALY, DIRECTLY BELOW SHDS THROUGH CITY STREETS.....



WITH STUNNING AUDACITY THE MO TH SWOOPS DOWN.....





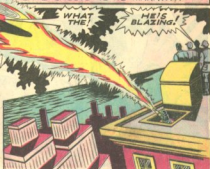






DOWN BELOW, MISS AMERICA ACTS TO STOP THE MOTH.....

STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW THE STREAM OF FLAME SHOOTS TO ITS MARK.....



SEARED BY FLAME, DOWN PLUNGES THE MOTH!

IN HEALY'S OFFICE THE NEXT DAY...



Order your copy of the March issue of MILITARY COMICS from your regular newsdealer now.

INFERIOR MAN

BY A. JAFFEE



OUR STORY OPENS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN WHERE FORT BANG IS LOCATED. THE QUARTERMASTER IS LITTLE COURTNEY FUDD...



THAT NIGHT, COURTNEY HIKES OVER TO SEE HIS GIRL, HILDA PLUMP, ON THE WEST SIDE OF TOWN ---

OH COURTNEY! I'M SO SCARED! WHAT IF THE GREEN TERROR LITTLE DEW COMES HERE! DROP I SHALL PROTECT YOU!



ATTENTION!! THE GREEN TERROR IS HEAD-ING TO THE WEST SIDE! WE PAUSE SEVERAL HOURS FOR IDENTIFICATION!



PLEASE, HILDA! I'M SORRY-- I HATE TO LEAVE--- BUT I MUST BE BACK AT CAMP!!!



LEAVING HILDA ALONE MAY HAVE GIVEN YOU THE IMPRESSION THAT COURTNEY IS A COWARD--OH HOW UNTRUE FOR AT THE VERY MOMENT HE IS SLIPPING INTO THE MURKY DARKNESS...ONE THOUGHT IN MIND...FIND THE TERROR.

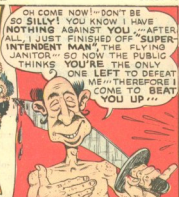
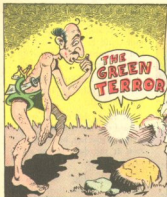


CLIMBING TO A NEAR-BY ROOF, SILENTLY DETERMINED, HE MAKES A QUICK CHANGE TO BECOME THE ONE--THE ONLY



HE LEAPS, AND FLOATS GRACEFULLY ON AIR---





FURIOUS WITH RAGE, **INFERIOR MAN** OPENS A SECRET COMPARTMENT IN HIS BUCKLE AND TAKES A HYPO-NEEDLE OF "SISSY SERUM" OUT—



IT HAS PRODUCED A GENTLE, LIGHT-HEARTED CREATURE



BANGTOWN CRIER GREEN TERROR CAPTURED

THE GREEN TERROR, WHO HAS TERRORIZED THE ENTIRE COUNTY FOR MONTHS, WAS FOUND BALLET DANCING IN THE DARK THIS A.M. THE HAND (ARROW) IS THOUGHT TO BE THAT OF **INFERIOR MAN**



SOME THRILLER, EH? THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING—ARE YOU INSURED?—DO YOU FAINT VERY EASILY? YOU DO?—GEE, YOU OUGHT TO SEE YOUR DOC—THAT IS I MEAN—IF YOU SCARE EASILY AND HAVE A WEAK HEART, PLEASE DON'T READ NEXT MONTH'S ADVENTURE! PLEASE!!



WOMEN OF FRANCE



Military Comics presents the second in a series of stories dedicated to the brave people of conquered nations who have refused to bow to the Nazi oppressors.

This is the story of Madame La Donne, a woman of France, who valued her country's liberty above all else.

"For the last time, Madame, are you going to tell us where your son is hiding?" The Nazi officer was furious. "Tell us quickly, Madame, or you die in his place!"

Madame La Donne stared dully at the pacing officer. She was not an old woman, but time

and terror had left its marks deeply lined on her face.

"I told you before—I have no son," she said listlessly.

Coldly, with machine-like precision, the officer held his temper in check and repeated the words he had read to Madame La Donne again and again for the past hour.

"Our report tells us that you *do* have a son! He is twenty-two years of age, has a twin sister and is not married. Immediately after the murder of our officer in your home, a figure resembling him was seen in that vicinity. The neighborhood

patrol, upon entering the house, found only you and the body of the officer. No trace of the gun could be found, and your son was missing. Now tell me, where is he?"

Madame La Donne looked at the officer calmly. "I have no son," she said.

In rage, the officer sprang toward the woman, hand raised as if to strike her, but a commotion at the door to the office caught his eye.

"What's this," he shouted furiously. "What does all this noise mean?"

A sentry roughly pushed forward a slight figure dressed in



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933, OF POLICE COMICS, published monthly at Buffalo, New York, for October 1, 1941.

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the POLICE COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 4111, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Comic Magazine, Inc., 522 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Editor, Edward Cronin, 522 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Managing Editor, neost. Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Magazine, Inc., 522 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Clarie C. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Henry F. Morris, Jr., 8 Power Drive, Des Moines, Iowa.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, bond stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is _____.

(This information is required from daily publications only.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1941.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager.

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1944.)

the shabby clothes of a Parisian workman. "Your pardon, Sir, but this one claims to be Jean La Donne," he said.

"It is true," said the boy. "I am Jean La Donne. I have come to confess to the killing of the officer, and to save my mother from further harm than you dirty murderers have already done."

Madame La Donne, who had been staring at the boy as if transfixed, suddenly found her voice.

"No," she screamed, "No! That is not my son! That is—"

"Silence!" thundered the officer. "Enough of your stupidity, woman! Now take this fool out and shoot him," he commanded the soldiers. "Perhaps he will not be so cocky with his back to the wall!"

Amid the loud, incoherent wailings of Madame La Donne, the boy was hurried to the courtyard. Venting his anger in screaming orders at his men, the officer followed, and the hysterical woman was forgotten as preparations were hastily made

for the execution. From among the soldiers in the yard, many of them just off duty and still carrying rifles and light machine guns, a firing squad was quickly chosen by the angry officer. In less time than it takes to tell, the boy was tied to a stake before a pock-marked wall, and the officer grinned cruelly at the prisoner.

"Now you die, Frenchman," he said, "although but one life is not enough to pay for the loss of an officer of the Leader's forces." He raised his arm. "Ready—Aim—"

A shot rang out. In the stunned silence, the officer choked, and as he slowly collapsed, his agonized eyes turned to the figure of Madame La Donne in the doorway, a smoking rifle still in her hands. No one moved as she spoke.

"Swine!" she said. "My son is already lost to me, and now you try to murder my daughter!"

As if released by the sound of her voice, the Nazi soldiers rushed forward. Madame La

Donne raised the gun to fire again, but a fusillade of bullets from the furious soldiers smashed her body against the wall like a rag doll. As she slowly slid down the wall, she tried to smile toward the horrified prisoner at the stake.

"Mother! Mother!" The voice of the condemned one, no longer disguised, was unmistakably that of a girl. One of the soldiers strode forward and roughly knocked the cap from her head, revealing a cascade of golden hair.

"It is true," he shouted, "it is a girl! But—but if you are the daughter of the old woman, then where is the son?"

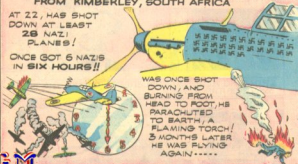
In sudden defiance, the girl laughed in the soldier's face. "The son?" she said, "the son is dead! He changed his name and sold out to you butchers! Mother said she would rather see him dead—and she killed him!" She laughed again. "A good joke, isn't it? He was the officer whose body you found in our home!"

THE TOP ACE OF THE R.A.F.

FLYING OFFICER ALBERT GERALD LEWIS
FROM KIMBERLEY, SOUTH AFRICA

AT 22, HAS SHOT
DOWN AT LEAST
26 NAZI
PLANES!

ONCE GOT 6 NAZIS
IN SIX HOURS!!



WAS ONCE SHOT
DOWN, AND
BURNING FROM
HEAD TO FOOT, HE
PARACHUTED
TO EARTH, A
FLAMING TORCH!
3 MONTHS LATER
HE WAS FLYING
AGAIN.....



★★★★★
True
Stories
Of Daring
War Adventures

Secret
War News

★★★★★
Reported Exclusively
for this Magazine
by our Ace
Correspondent

This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from British Information Bureaus

PHANTOM ARMY OF VENGEANCE

BRITISH COLONIAL TROOPS STILL FIGHTING FROM CRETAN HILLS!

LOST BATTALION ALIVE!

Late news dispatches from Europe carry the startling story of a daring band of British Colonial Troops, until now believed to have been wiped out in the Battle of Crete, who are still alive and fighting a fierce guerrilla war against the Nazi Army of Occupation.

Holding a suicidal rear-guard position against overwhelming odds, the Australians and New Zealanders held the Nazi tide in check until the main body of British troops had been evacuated, then mysteriously disappeared.

Through channels available only to this magazine, Military Comics presents the TRUE story of these amazing fighters, who seem to have returned from the dead to battle the Nazi steamroller.

Dawn, May 20, 1941: In the ghostly grey of morning, the hangars of Maleme airdrome, one of five British airbases on the island of Crete, bulk large against the eastern sky.

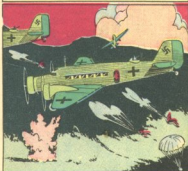
The hollow, measured tread of a sentry, echoing and reechoing along the towering walls, is the only sound to break the stillness of the dawn. And then, far away, a persistent buzzing sound grows to a drone—to a roar, startling a sleepy sentry



--ROARING ACROSS FROM GREECE COMES THE FIRST
WAVE OF THE ATTACK--



-- TO BEGIN THE FIRST COMPLETELY
AIRBORNE INVASION IN HISTORY--!!



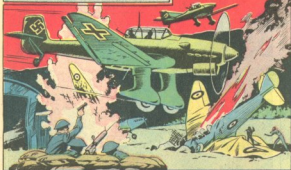
ASSEMBLE ALL GUNS,
--VE ATTACK DER
AIRFIELD--!



DESPERATELY THE ROYAL
AIR FORCE TRIES TO GET
ITS PLANES INTO THE AIR



BUT THE ATTACK IS TOO SWIFT--
THEIR PLANES ARE DESTROYED !!



THE DAUNTLESS ANZACS
FIGHT ON AGAINST THE
NAZI PARACHUTISTS-----



DAY AFTER DAY FROM
BEHIND TREE STUMPS AND
ROCKS, THE MERCILESS
FIGHTING RAGES ON---



-- STILL THE NAZIS COME ! --
GLIDER TROOPS, MORE PARA-
CHUTISTS ! WITH THEIR AIR-
BASES GONE, THE BRITISH
WITHDRAW

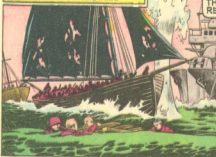


FINALLY AFTER TEN
TERRIBLE DAYS---

IT'S NO USE!! WE
MUST EVACUATE--!
SIGNAL THE NAVY
TO STAND BY TO
PICK US UP.---



OFF THE SHORES OF CRETE,
BRITISH WARSHIPS STILL
PIERCELY REPEL THE NAZI
LANDING PARTIES----



MAJOR, YOUR
ANZACS
MUST HOLD OFF
THE NAZIS TILL
THE REST OF US
REACH THE BOATS

WE CAN
DO IT-!



FOR HOURS THE TOUGH
AUSTRALIAN TROOPS
FIGHT A DESPERATE
REAR GUARD ACTION-!



BUT INCH BY INCH, THEY ARE
FORCED BACK TOWARD THE
BEACH BY THE OVERWHELM-
ING NUMBER OF NAZIS ---!!



ON THE BEACH, THE ANZACS AND
GERMANS BECOME LOCKED IN A
CLUBBING, KNIFING, SHOOTING MASS!!



THEIR SACRIFICE IS NOT IN
VAIN -- THE TROOPS SAFELY
ABOARD, THE BRITISH SHIPS
PLAST OUT TO SEA ---!!



HIMMEL! DAT ISS OVER!
WHO VERE DOSE MAD-
MEN WHO FOUGHT IN
DAT REAR GUARD...!!



ANZACS, DEY ARE
CALLED!... BUT DEY
ARE GONE, THE
ISLAND OF CRETE
IS
OURS



TWO WEEKS LATER... THE REMNANTS OF THE ANZAC REAR-GUARD ARE ENCAPSED HIGH IN THE CRETAN MOUNTAINS... HIDDEN FROM NAZI EYES!



YOU SAY THE NAZI REGULARS HAVE BEEN REPLACED WITH RECRUITS?



'TIS TRUE! WITH MINE OWN EYES HAVE I SEEN IT...

BY JOVE! THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! ORDER THE MEN TO GET READY TO MARCH!



THAT EVENING, IN A QUIET NAZI-OCCUPIED TOWN... A SHOT BREAKS THE STILLNESS

...AND SWEEPING DOWN FROM THE HILLS COME THE AUSTRALIANS...!!

IN NO TIME, THE TOWN IS ABLAZE, THE ANZACS GONE!

VAT VAS DAT SHOT?



LET'S GO, THERE'S MORE WORK TO DO!



NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, THE ANZACS ATTACK IN UNEXPECTED PLACES!...ANOTHER TOWN

A NAZI AIRFIELD...!!

AT NAZI HEADQUARTERS

IT'S THOSE BUT HOW DID DEY GET HERE? AGAIN! LAST NIGHT DEY WERE ON DER OTHER SIDE OF DER ISLAND!



DOUBLE THE GUARDS AT EVERY POST ON THE ISLAND... IF THEY ATTACK AGAIN WE MUST WIPE 'EM OUT !!

AT DAWN OF THE NEXT DAY, AT THE NAZI ARSENAL IN A SMALL TOWN-----

A FINE PLACE TO MAKE US SEASONED TROOPS

YA-I VISH SOMETHING YOULD HAPPEN!



YOU GET YOUR WISH, JERRY!

HIMMEL!



GRAB AS MUCH AMMUNITION AS YOU CAN! BLOW UP THE REST!

SUDDENLY ANOTHER SENTRY APPEARS ON THE SCENE----

ACH!--VAT GOES ON HERE?---HALT!



GOT 'IM!

LET'S GO--! I'VE LIT THE FUSE--THIS PLACE IS GOING TO BLOW SKY-HIGH--!!



HEAD FOR THE WOODS, MEN!--EVERY NAZI IN TOWN WILL BE ON US NOW--!!

HERE THEY COME !!

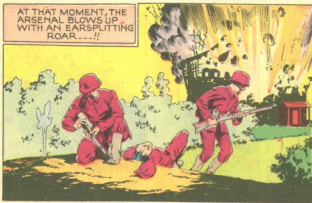
SPREAD OUT, BOYS -- LET 'EM HAVE IT--



--AND HIDDEN IN THE WOODS, THE ANZACS POUR A WITHERING FIRE INTO THE PURSUING NAZIS--



AT THAT MOMENT, THE
ARSENAL BLOWS UP
WITH AN EARSPLITTING
ROAR...!!



THAT'S THAT!... LET'S
GO BEFORE MORE
TROOPS ARRIVE...!!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

CAPTAIN! WHAT
HAS HAPPENED...?
HOW DID THE
ARSENAL BLOW
UP?

THOSE ANZACS DID
IT, GENERAL



THOSE SCHWEIN AGAIN!
WELL... DON'T STAND
THERE, FOOL!!!... TAKE
SOME MEN
AND GO
AFTER THEM!



AND THIS TIME, IF YOU DON'T
GET THEM, YOU'D BETTER
NOT RETURN YOURSELF...!!



AND SO, HOURS LATER, A WEARY, HOT
COLUMN OF NAZIS FOLLOWS THE
ANZACS' TRAIL INTO THE MOUNTAINS



BUT AS THE NAZIS MOVE ON
THE ANZACS APPEAR AS
SILENTLY AS WRAITHS
BEHIND THEM...



MEANTIME, UP AHEAD, THE NAZI COLUMN IS FORCED TO HALT---

THE VALLEY ENDS! A SHEER ROCK WALL FACES US--WHERE COULD THE ANZACS HAVE GONE?



SUDDENLY--THE GOLDEN NOTE OF A TRUMPET SOUNDS UP ON THE HILLSIDE!



AND FROM BEHIND EVERY ROCK AND BUSH APPEARS AN ANZAC-----



AT THE FIRST OUTBREAK OF FIRE, THE NAZIS SCATTER--

AMBUSH--! RUN DOWN THE TRAIL--MEET AT THE BEND!



IN BLIND PANIC, THE NAZIS RACE FOR THE BEND IN THE TRAIL---



--AND RUN RIGHT INTO A BLAZING VOLLEY FROM A GROUP OF ANZACS BLOCKING THE TURN IN THE TRAIL--



TAKE COVER IN THE WOODS----
AH-H-H-H--



YOU GOIN' SOMEWHERE, FRITZ--!

ACH!-- WE'RE TRAPPED!



THE SURVIVING NAZIS REALIZE
FURTHER RESISTANCE IS
SUICIDE--

K-KAMERAD



LINE 'EM UP, BOYS
--WE'LL MARCH
THEM BACK TO
CAMP



THE ANZACS AND THEIR
PRISONERS VANISH ONCE
AGAIN AMONG THE ROCKY
CRAGS OF CRETE'S MOUNTAINS



WHILE A FEW SCATTERED
NAZIS STRUGGLE BACK
TO THE TOWN---



WHAT IS
IT?

DER MEN HAFF
RETURNED---
VAT'S LEFT OF
DEM!



HIMMEL! WHERE
ARE THE REST
OF THE MEN?

ALL DEAD OR
CAPTURED,
GENERAL--
ONLY A FEW
OF US
ESCAPED!!



OH-H-- ALL MY MEN--!
WHAT'S THE USE--I'M
A FAILURE!!--I'LL END
IT ALL----



DON'T, GENERAL--
THE FUHRER--
HE WOULDN'T
LIKE IT---



...AND SO TODAY, HIDDEN
SOMEWHERE IN THE HILLS OF
CRETE, ARE MORE THAN A
THOUSAND MEN, UNDAUNTED
BY THE MIGHT OF THE NAZI
OPPRESSORS...MAY THEIR
VALIANT COURAGE CARRY
THEM ON TO VICTORY-----!!

The ATLANTIC PATROL

BASED ON OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY REPORTS

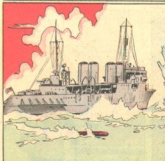


AS THE U.S.S. GREER STEAMS TOWARD ICELAND, A LONE U-BOAT STEALTHILY CREEPS TOWARD HER...!!

TORPEDO! TWO POINTS OFF THE STARBOARD BEAM...!!



THE GREER'S HELM IS SLAMMED HARD OVER... AND THE TORPEDO MISSES...



DEPTH CHARGES ROLL OFF THE DESTROYER'S FOAMING STERN...!!

FOR THREE HOURS THE GREER HUNTS HER ELUSIVE QUARRY



FAR BELOW THE SURFACE, IN THE DESPERATELY FLEEING SUBMARINE...



STOP THE MOTORS!! HUG THE BOTTOM... HIMMEL!... I NEVER THOUGHT THEY'D FIRE ON US...!!

...CAN'T SAY WHETHER WE GOT THAT SUB OR NOT... RESUME OUR ORIGINAL COURSE...



AND SO THE GREER, FIRST U.S. VESSEL TO BE FIRED ON IN WORLD WAR II, PROCEEDS TO HER DESTINATION



THE ATLANTIC PATROL IS ACTIVELY ENGAGED IN GUARDING THE APPROACHES TO OUR SHORES... IN THE NEXT ISSUE, ANOTHER THRILLING INCIDENT FEATURING THE ATLANTIC PATROL...!!



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LOOK EM OVER NOW!



Tell Dad to hang one of these beautiful Daisies on your Christmas Tree! Why not make it a western saddle carbine? **RED RYDER CARBINE** features Golden Bands, adjustable double-notch Rear Sight, Lightning-Loader invention for loading 1000 shot in 20 seconds, carbine style Cocking Lever, full-length Fore-piece, 16-inch Leather Thong knotted to authentic Swivel Carbine Ring—and Red Ryder's brand on pistol grip stock. Comes packed in colored carton. Choose your favorite Daisy—buy it now at any hardware, sports goods or department store. If Daddy hasn't it, or he doesn't see you, send us the price of your Daisy—we'll rush it to you, post-paid. Daisy added in Canada on all rifles.



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Daisy Added in Canada

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